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HOMES ON THE SEA-SHORE

for

NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.

NEW YORK:

1873.

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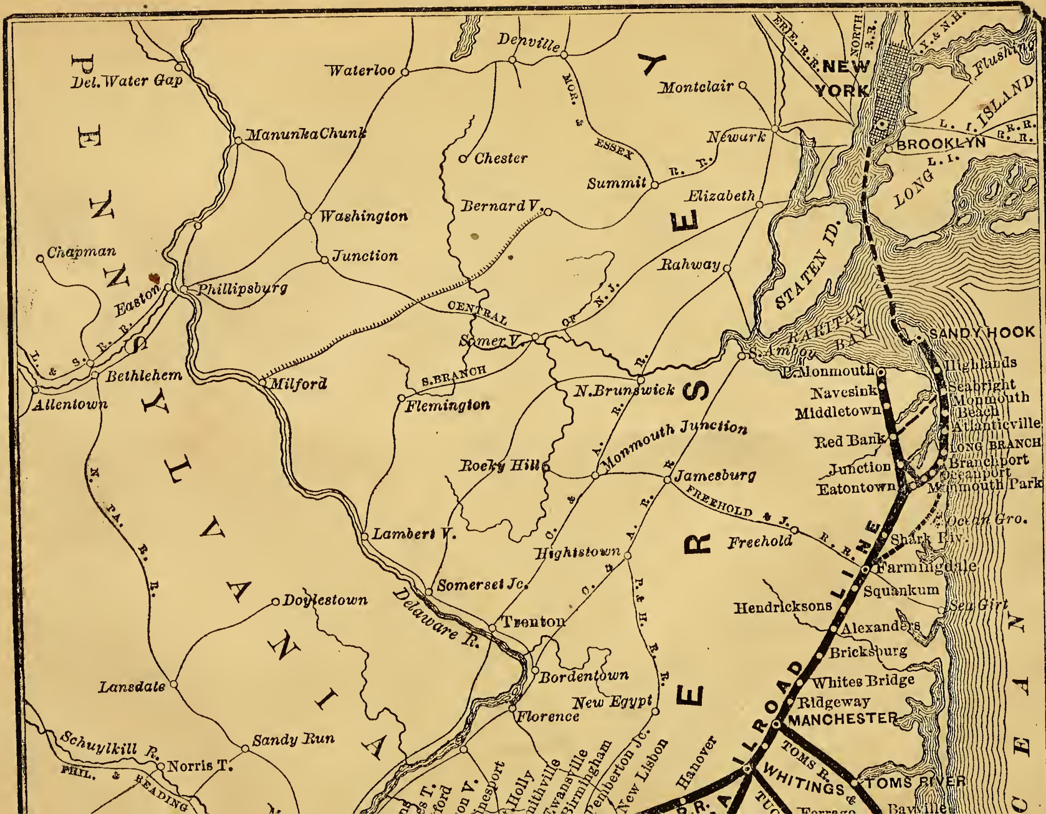
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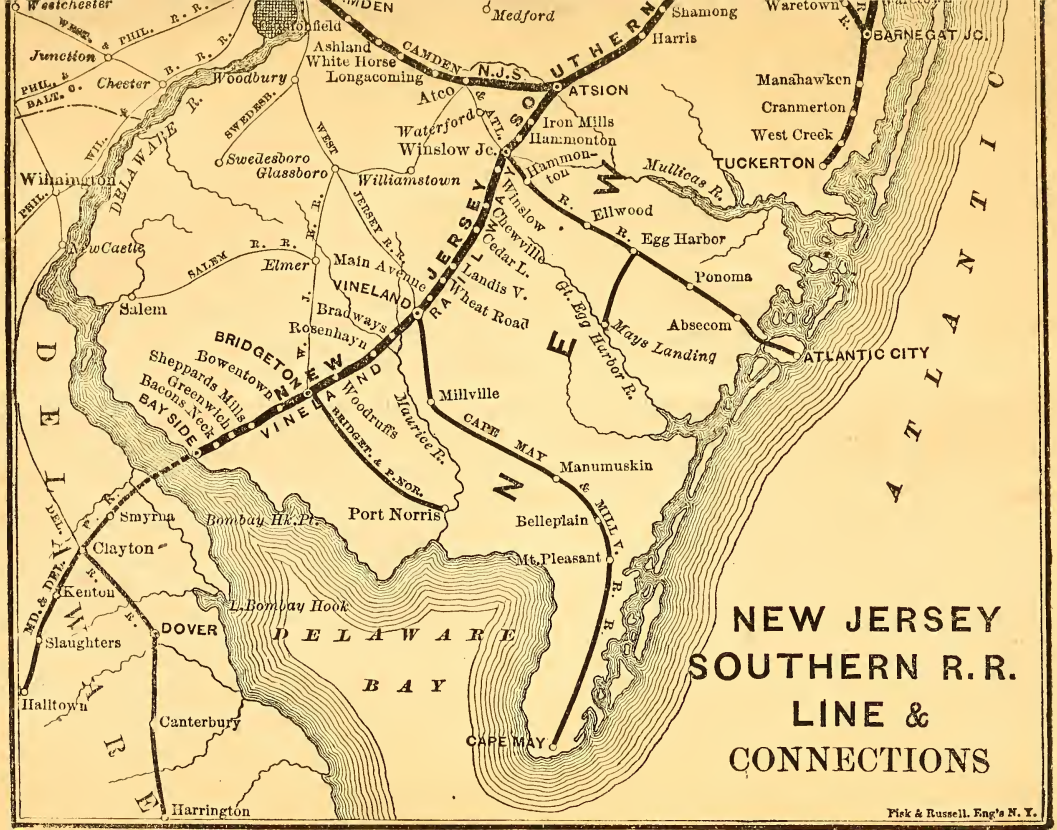
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NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN R.R. LINE & CONNECTIONS
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HOMES ON THE SEA-SHORE,

ON THE LINE OF THE

NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILWAY,

— FOR —

New York Business Men.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE REGION TRAVERSED BY THE NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILWAY, AND ITS BRANCHES, WITH A STATEMENT OF THE INDUCEMENTS OFFERED BY THE RAILWAY COMPANY, CONJOINTLY WITH PROPERTY OWNERS, ALONG THE LINE, TO THOSE DESIROUS OF SECURING

SUMMER RESIDENCES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

"A voice is heard in the winds and waves
In the sound of the ever rolling sea.
* * * * * * * *
Hear ye the voice? then come away,
Far from the haunts of ruder men.
Come where the leaves and fountains play—
You may love and be happy then."—PERCIVAL.

BY

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

A.L.E

PUBLISHED FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION

BY THE

NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

NEW YORK:
1873.

INTRODUCTION.

The growing demand among New Yorkers for Summer Residences on the adjacent coast of New Jersey, and the lack of general information relative to the numerous attractive resorts on the line of the New Jersey Southern Railway, as well as the extended facilities for reaching them during the summer season, have suggested the publication, for gratuitous distribution by the Railway Company, of a work of this character, describing each point through which the road passes; pointing out the attractions which they severally offer as places of residence; narrating such historical or cotemporaneous facts of interest as may be connected with each locality; in short, giving the reader a complete, accurate and entertaining pen-picture of the entire region which the road traverses. An active spirit of development and improvement has of late years taken hold of the southern counties of New Jersey. Long Branch is the acknowledged Brighton of America; Bridgeton, Vineland, Tom's River, Eatontown, and Bricksburg have assumed an increasing importance. Smaller villages have sprung up here and there on the line of the railroad, and on every side may be heard and seen signs of prosperity and progress. That this little work may aid in this great movement is the wish of its writer,

G. L. C.

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Homes on the Sea-Shore

FOR

NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.

IT is a sultry summer afternoon; all day long the sun has been pouring down his fiery beams on the housetops and streets of the great Metropolis; the foliage hangs parched and seemingly lifeless, and the pavements reflect back a scorching heat; people, sweltering in discomfort, go slowly and wearily about their business; the omnibus horses loiter lazily along their accustomed Broadway, while Jehu, protected by an immense sun shade, sits half asleep on his box, little caring for passengers; in the saloons, crowds of people are calling for iced juleps, and inquiring about the thermometer; in the counting-rooms, old gentlemen in their shirt sleeves are sitting by the windows with their feet up, fanning themselves, and occasionally exclaiming, "well, bless me;" in the school rooms, is heard the drowsy hum of the children's voices reciting their last lesson for the day; down among the slums the poor and the sick and the hungry vainly strive to catch a whiff of pure cool air, wandering in through the windows of their miserable abodes. Here is a crowd gathered; a man has been sun-struck, and they are taking him away to the hospital. Whew, but it's hot!

Yes, indeed it is. The thermometer at the *Herald* corner says 97° in the shade, and oh! how people have suffered in town to-day! But come! I can whisper to you of a place where, all day long, the cool soft ocean breeze has been blowing, and where, in blissful oblivion of the torrid miseries of the town, hundreds of people, men, women and children, have passed a day of pleasant recreation and comfort. For, know that within the last few years so greatly have the facilities for communication between New York and the Southern Coast of New Jersey been increased, and so desirable has that section of the State been found for cottage residence or hotel life, that there are now hundreds of New Yorkers who either buy ground and put up a pretty cottage, or go to one of the hotels, and keep their families down there throughout the entire summer. They can, if they desire, reach their business in good season in the morning, and return to the sea-shore in the evening. There are frequent trains, good cars, a splendid sail, and a convenient landing place in New York, and, what is better than all, the glorious cool and soul-inspiring view of the Atlantic, banishing remembrance of the miseries that follow in parching summer's train.

So, take your valise and duster, and let us together set out and experience the delights of a trip over the New Jersey Southern route. You cannot more pleasantly, or perhaps more profitably, pass a few of these long summer days, when business is dull, and everybody disposed to take a vacation and run out of town. We turn down Murray Street from Broadway, and in a few moments are at Pier 28, our starting point. Here lies our boat, the staunch and beautiful *Plymouth Rock*, moored to the wharf, with steam up, colors flying and music playing on her after deck. On all sides are visible the hurry and bustle of approaching departure; at the gang

plank stands the Commander, calmly surveying the steady stream of passengers going on board, about to entrust themselves to his care; a continuous line of carriages passes in and out upon the pier, each, in turn, depositing at the gangway its precious burden of beauty, baggage and band-boxes. A score of sleek porters dart here and there and everywhere, getting checks for trunks, carrying aboard bundles and packages, and showing all those little attentions which merit a substantial acknowledgment. Still the throng of people keep coming; the upper decks are already well filled, and yet there seems plenty of room for more. Now the bell rings—let us step on board—there! the whistle blows, the lines are cast off, and in another moment the gong has sounded, and our spacious boat, amid waving of handkerchiefs, music and loud spoken "good byes," is moving off into the stream.

Now let us go up on the forward deck and see the harbor. What spacious saloons these are, and how elaborately upholstered and furnished. What comfortable easy chairs, and sofas and tete-a-tetes; whas cosy little state-rooms where tables and chairs and polite waiters are to be seen, suggestive of first-class dinners for the hungry traveler; what carpets, and bronzes and stained glass; in fine, what a strangely beautiful *coup d'œil* does this grand saloon present, and especially when full of happy, lively people. Well, here are two chairs on the forward deck, so light your segar, reader, and let us view, *en passant*, the many beautiful sights which make New York Bay the handsomest harbor in the world, after the Bosphorus. Here now, you see, we are already abreast of Governor's Island. Here on the right are Bedloes and Gibbet Islands, both fortified to the water's edge. Beyond them stretches away the Jersey shore, lined with villages

and whitened with the occasional puff of a locomotive. Over our left bow, you see the Long Island shore, the densely wooded heights of Bay Ridge, studded with villas. Right ahead are the stately hills of Staten Island, bathed in the blue haze of the afternoon sunlight. Here we pass a Russian corvette at anchor; now a Cunarder, only eight days from Liverpool, passes us; a little further on, a yacht-load of jolly fellows give us three cheers, and hold up a champagne bottle as we pass. Now, we begin to get the genuine salt breeze. Fasten on your hat well. There is Robbins Reef Light on the right; now we are opposite Staten Island, and presently, from its precipitous bluff, the guns of Fort Tompkins frown sullenly down upon us. Now we are in the Narrows. Upon our right are the granite walls of Fort Richmond and its outlying batteries; upon our left, Fort Lafayette, standing grim, silent and isolated; and behind it, on the shore, Fort Hamilton, with the Stars and Stripes floating above it. Beyond these, to the south-east, is Coney Island, (you've been there, of course), and if you look closely you may perhaps make out the distant hotels at Rockaway Beach. Now we are in the Lower Bay, a sort of miniature ocean—the Long Island shore ends—the Staten Island shore recedes rapidly to the south-west, while we plough on straight to the distant speck of blue hills, visible directly ahead. Now we pass the Quarantine Grounds, where many ships are anchored—now we gain a full view of the ocean—now we sight the light-houses at Neversink, and come momentarily nearer—now we feel the ocean swell rolling majestically in from the Atlantic. Look directly east, and you may find an interest in reflecting that if you traveled straight ahead in that direction the first solid land you would meet would be the coast of Spain. Now that low sandy spit on our port bow, com-

mences to be distinctly visible—yes, and there is a wharf there—yes, and a train of cars—and while we are looking and admiring and wondering, our boat has rounded to, and we are at the wharf at

SANDY HOOK, OR THE "HORSE SHOE,"

Where, upon a long and substantial pier, we find the train in waiting. Only a few moments are required for the transfer of passengers and baggage, and then we are off over the sands, here plentifully covered with luxuriant cedars. But ere we leave the Hook behind, it may be well to know that, barren and uninviting as it is, it has a history of its own. Owing to the alternate opening and closing of Shrewsbury Inlet, it has been successively an island and a peninsular at different intervals, while its length is constantly increasing by the accumulation of sand at its northern end. Its breadth varies from a quarter of a mile to one mile. It was purchased from the Indians in the 17th century by Richard Hartshorne, whose descendants in 1816 sold it to the United States. The first lighthouse, erected in 1762, was during the revolution the scene of an engagement between some militia, armed with two howitzers, and a party of British and refugees, the latter having entrenched themselves within. A British armed vessel compelled the assailants' withdrawal.

Many vessels have been wrecked on Sandy Hook, and among the scattered monuments and stones marking the graves of the victims, are some bearing most interesting inscriptions. Tradition affirms, too, that here Capt. Kid frequently resorted to bury his treasures.

A ride of four miles along the beach, affording at one moment on the left a charming view of the Atlantic, and at

another the placid bay, stretching away to the Navesink Hills on the right, brings us to the

HIGHLANDS,

(24 miles; 1 hour, 20 min. 6 trains each way daily.)

the first point available for a home on the Sea Shore. Here on our right the Shrewsbury river separates the beach by only a quarter of a mile from the mainland, and directly opposite looms up grandly Beacon Hill, about 300 feet high, surmounted by its twin lighthouses, which, by the way, were first erected here during John Quincy Adams' administration. A new bridge affords us communication with the other side of the river, where, under the shadow of the hill, we shall find several hotels, a store and post office, and some few building sites, where a glorious view may be obtained,* and where boating and bathing facilities are within easy distance.

About a mile north is Gravelly Point, where the British army so hurriedly embarked after the battle of Monmouth; and a mile further still, Greenland bank, where in 1782 a land slide of forty acres happened, with a noise which was heard for several miles away.

Beyond Highlands, as we resume our journey, we see on the right the mouth of the Navesink River, its northern bank, a densely wooded one, rising boldly from the water, and adorned here and there by attractive villas,† while on the lowlands on the south bank, stands the village of Port Washington. Still further on we pass Black Point, and just where the Shrewsbury River, widening, trends away to the south west, reach the station at

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* On a fair day an hundred sail can frequently be seen at one time from this point.

† The Neptune Yacht Club has its club house here.

SEABRIGHT,

(26 miles ; 1 hour, 25 min. 6 trains daily.)

which, though only established two years ago, already boasts a hotel, a store, (see advertisement of Robert Emery), and quite a number of handsome private dwellings. At this point also a bridge crosses the Shrewsbury River, affording residents the advantage of the beautiful inland drives in which the adjacent country abounds.

There are few more healthy and attractive regions within thirty miles of New York than the old settlement of Rumsom Neck in the Township of Shrewsbury, County of Monmouth, bounded as it is by the Navesink or North Shrewsbury River on one hand, and by the South Shrewsbury and Pleasure Bay on the other, with the sea in full view from the slopes of its numerous rising-grounds, as you look to the east and south, and the deep green heights of the Highlands of Navesink as you cast your eyes toward the west and north. All this country is noted for the peculiarly balmy quality of its air.

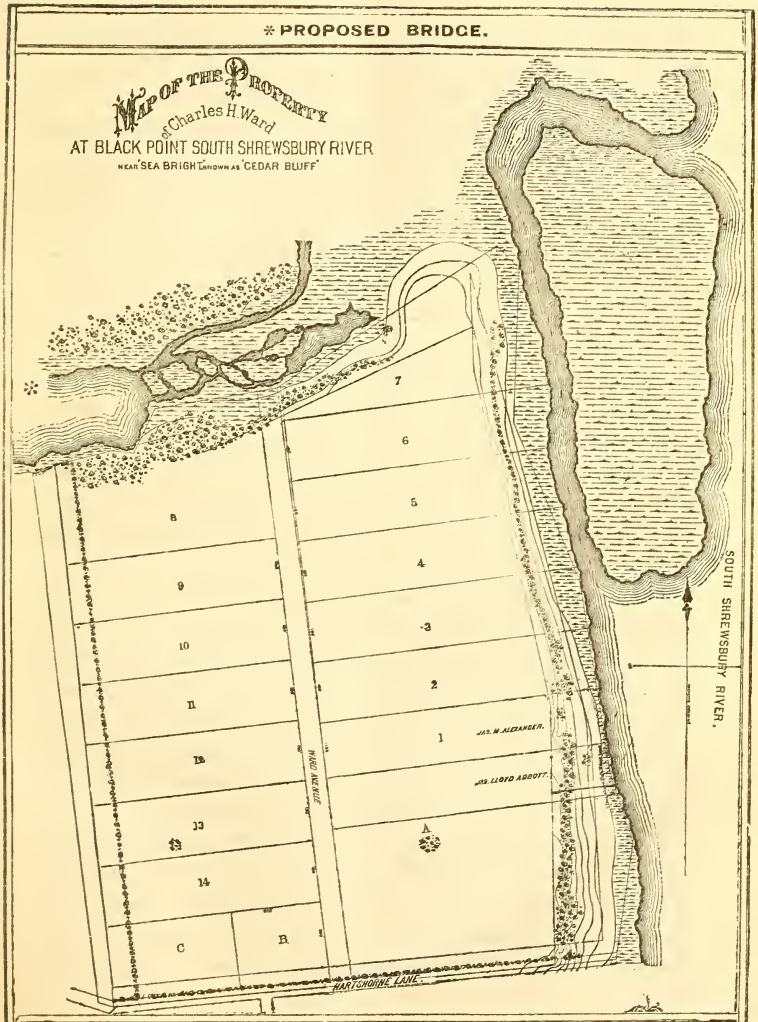
As long ago as 1712, "Thomas Bordin" purchased a tract of one hundred acres "begining at Shrewsbury River, running "north north west to Navesink river, from thens easterly "five and twenty rods in bredth; from thens south south east "to Shrewsbury river; from thens to ye place where it first "began, bounded south and north by said rivers, and west "by thomas hoess,"—and this description, with due variations of breadth, and of names of adjoining owners, would answer for a dozen of the old farms, some of them still owned by descendants of "Thomas Bordin." The previous owner, one "hugh jackson," speaks of his farm in his deed as "a peis of tract of land which fell to me by heirship from "my loving father, deseased—which was convaied to him "by ye proprietors of the provins, in ye sixth year of ye

"raign of our sovering Lord and Lady, william and mary, "annoq domini 1694."

William Bingham, merchant, of Philadelphia, owned, about the beginning of this century, a large plantation, still called Bingham Place, and owned for the last forty years by Dr. Eleazar Parmly of New York. The view from the old manor house is surpassingly beautiful. It may be interesting to read that Miss Bingham was married to Mr. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, at her father's residence.

Until within the last five years this beautiful region was comparatively inaccessible, the only approach, save by the tide boat at Port Washington, or Fairhaven, being from Red Bank, a drive of from three to five miles. It was, in fact, like a *cul de sac* in shape. But all this has been changed by the recent erection of a draw bridge at the new station, Sea-Bright, and by the liberality of the property-owners in laying out spacious and attractive roads, covered with the firm red clay of the neighborhood, so that the New Jersey Southern Rail Road is now of easy access, and one has not to drive further for a sea bath than the average residents of Newport.

The property of Mr. Ward, of which we give a diagram, is most eligibly situated for villa sites, adjoining, as it does, the pretty villas of H. M. Alexander, Samuel Borrowe, and E. Boudinot Colt, and commanding lovely views of both rivers, of the Highlands of Navesink and the Ocean. Among the parties who have purchased lots of Mr. Ward, and erected beautiful residences, may be mentioned James M. Alexander, Esq., and J. Lloyd Abbot, Esq., whose villas may be seen from the railroad as we approach Sea Bright. By a wise precaution Mr. Ward has secured a suitable strip of the sandy beach, opposite his property, for bathing purposes; while to those who are fond of still water bathing, the South


* PROPOSED BRIDGE.
MAP OF THE PROPERTY
of Charles H. Ward
AT BLACK POINT SOUTH SHREWSBURY RIVER
NEAR SEA BRIGHT KNOWN AS "CEDAR BLUFF"
7
6
5
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9
3
10
2
11
1
JAS. M. ALEXANDER.
12
JAS. LLOYD ABBOTT.
13
A
14
C
B
MAIN AVE.
HARTSHORNE LANE
SOUTH SHREWSBURY RIVER.
TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

Shrewsbury River, which flows between Sea Bright and the property in question, offers every attraction. It may be mentioned that the *crabbing* in this river is unsurpassed.

Another piece of property owned by Messrs. Strong and Ward, and stretching from river to river, about half a mile to a mile from the draw bridge, offers many attractions to those in search of healthful sites for homes. It is bordered by a new road, across the neck, and suitably called the "Avenue of the Two Rivers." A beautiful rising ground of about thirty acres on the South Shrewsbury, and directly opposite Monmouth Beach offers many fine sites, while the views on the Navesink River (where there are some fifty acres of choice woodland), are unusually beautiful. These gentlemen, with great enterprise, have opened a navigable channel thirty feet wide, fifteen hundred feet long, and four feet deep at low water, along the entire northern line of their property. The bank above, studded with fine old trees, is about twenty feet above average tidemark.

The new railroad from Sea Bright to Red Bank will cross this property, and a depot to be erected will give every facility of access. This railroad connects at Red Bank with the new "all-rail" line to Jersey City. It is a charming drive from Long Branch, north along the sea shore, past Monmouth Beach to Sea Bright, and thence westerly along the Navesink River to Red Bank, and south easterly back to Long Branch, through Shrewsbury and Eatontown,

The advertisement of Mr. W. L. Tyson, following, calls the readers attention to a valuable tract of about seventy acres of eligible building sites which he offers. This property is all improved, is conveniently located, and possesses attractions well worthy of the consideration of the intending purchaser of a "HOME ON THE SEA-SHORE."

VILLA SITES

Suitable for SUMMER RESIDENCES ON THE SEA–SHORE at

BLACK POINT!

Within three-quarters of a mile from Seabright Station, at the junction of the Navesink and Shrewsbury Rivers, and opposite the Highlands.

☞ This property is beautiful, and accessible by good roads which have been opened through it, and commands

Fine Views of the Rivers and Ocean!

Apply to W. L. TYSON, on the premises, or

FRANK S. WINCHESTER, 20 Nassau St., New York.

Our next stopping place is

MONMOUTH BEACH,

(28 miles; 1 hour, 48 min. 6 trains each way daily.)

where a sea-side city of charming villas and cottages has, within the past year or two, reared itself as if by magic upon the sands. And at a glance the intelligent traveler will perceive that these attractive dwellings, facing, in one direction, the billowy Atlantic, and in the other, the beautiful landscape stretching away inland, are the homes, not of those who come and go with the ostentatious show and vulgar extravagance of the *nouveaux riches*, but of the better class of society who, while availing themselves of the unequaled attractions of the New Jersey Sea Shore, yet maintain here that exclusiveness to which a high social position entitles them. Here are pointed out the summer dwellings of many distinguished statesmen, scholars and business men, who find in this delightful spot a brief respite during the summer months from their arduous routine of duties. Among these may be mentioned those of Senators Cattell and Torrey, Secretary Robeson, Chancellor Dodd, Messrs. David Hoadley, J. Wyman Jones, J. Q. Keasby, Courtland Parker, and many other well known citizens.

While the development of this property, comprising a tract of four hundred acres, has been rapid, the intention of its owners has been and is to render the locality an *exceedingly select one*, and, with this object in view, they will sell to none but purchasers of unquestionable respectability. It is also specially provided that no nuisances of the character of liquor shops or public houses shall be erected upon any of the property, thus ensuring purchasers immunity from some of the greatest annoyances incident to many sea side resorts. In point of convenience too, Monmouth Beach presents especial claims. There are frequent communications with New York, the two bridges over the Shrewsbury river afford easy access to the delightful drives beyond, the churches, stores. and markets of Long Branch are within easy distance, and it is proposed during the coming season to extend the gas mains from that point to the residences at Monmouth Beach. In short, one fortunate enough to secure here a Home on the Sea Shore, cannot but find it a profitable and satisfactory investment. Land is sold in quantities varying from lots of 75x150 feet to two or three acres, and a total outlay of from $2,500 to $7,500 will secure a cosy and comfortable home in which the summer may be passed coolly, healthfully and amid the most *recherche* surroundings.

And now there is a great stir visible among our fellow passengers; people seize their valises and look toward the door; fathers take the baby in their arms and get ready for a start; the old gentleman over there wakes up from his *Evening Post* and buttons up his duster; something is evidently about to happen. Ah yes, sure enough, we are just shooting past the depot at the little suburb of Atlanticville, the upper end of the great city we are approaching. Each moment buildings become more frequent. We see great

piles of wooden houses painfully white and neat in exterior. Away in the breezy, hazy distance, successive flags mark the different hotels, swarming with their thousands of idlers. In another direction are brick rows and church spires, and all that tell of business more substantial, less ephemeral. And there is the surf; you see it, you hear it, rolling in with a roar. Imagine how it must have roared on some of those terrible nights last winter. The thought is enough to make one cool even in July. And then, the depot, the labyrinth of vehicles, coupes, barouches, dog carts and all, in every variety and style; oh! what a picture that scene would make; for every one who has been to this summer Sea Shore Metropolis, will remember the life and animation which surround the depot on the train's arrival at

LONG BRANCH.

(31 miles; 1 h. 30 min. by Exp. train, or 1 h. 45 min. by Accom. 6 trains daily.)

Just a half a mile or so down the beach is a spot where nearly an hundred and fifty years ago a party of Indians came (not to dance the German, and enjoy the surf), but to establish a fishery. They were the first settlers, and the spot was then called Lane's End. The Indians did not enjoy undisturbed possession long. A party of whites from Rhode Island came to purchase, but found the Indians, unlike the inhabitants of to-day, unwilling to sell. The former, however, succeeded by the test of a wrestling match between one of their number, John Slocum, and one of the Indians, in winning the right to as much land as one man could walk around* in a day. The land thus acquired included all of this immediate

* No modern dancing at Long Branch has ever proved half as profitable as did this old fashioned "walk around."

vicinity, and continued in the Slocum family until a few years ago.

A few years later, crown settlers bought lands here at twenty shillings per acre, and followed the pursuits of farmers and fishermen. Next a road was opened to the Court House at Monmouth, (or Freehold); thence communication was opened to Philadelphia, the people of which city soon availed themselves of the opportunity to reach the surf by a drive of sixty-five miles; then boarding houses, and, finally, hotels were opened; communication with New York by steamboat was established, and year by year the number of visitors increased, until they annually number more than one hundred thousand people, with a permanent population of about 5,000.

The name Long Branch is derived from a brook, a branch of the Shrewsbury, running parallel with the coast, and applies strictly to the original village, situated about a mile and a half from the ocean, and where in 1812 was erected a Liberty Pole which is still standing, and about which has grown up a lively, active, enterprising community, boasting a good local government, a Board of Trade, an excellent newspaper, the *Long Branch News*, published by Jacob Stults, Esq., (see advertisement) stores representing all branches of

LONG BRANCH NEWS.

Weekly, per year, $1.50. Daily, July and August, $2.00,

Large Circulation in Monmouth County.

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Commercial Advertiser,
126 Fulton Street, New York.

trade and industry,* and many elegant and substantial edifices, both public and private, which would be an ornament to even a metropolitan city. There are here good schools, and churches of the various prominent denominations, and the summer visitor will be delighted to find in the village all the desirable surroundings and conveniences of city life. But with the early history of this locality, however interesting, we who are seeking "Homes on the Sea Shore" have little to do. To see it as it is to-day is more to our purpose. So let us stroll about a while, first visiting the beach, where five miles of continuous bluff, in some places twenty feet high, forms a sea wall against which the surf throws itself. This bluff is washing away at the rate of a foot or two every year; nearly a quarter of a mile has disappeared since the time of the wrestling match above spoken of.

Along the bluff stretches a magnificent drive, which on summer afternoons presents as gay a spectacle as did ever the Bois de Boulogne; facing this avenue are the principal hotels, great wooden palaces covering an acre or more, surrounded by broad shaded verandahs, and each in itself a little community. Upon the beach, under the bluff, are the bath houses, and here too, you, reader, will stop for a few minutes and enjoy the pleasure of a plunge in the surf. Here are a few sensible hints which you will do well to observe, however, before going in :

Though standing just before the sea, and receiving the pulsations of the deepest ocean, there is more than ordinary safety to bathers at Long Branch. No fear is ever entertained here of the monsters of the deep,

*See advertisements of B. Morris, W. H. Morris & Son, A. M. Dilentash & Co. Morford & Vanderveer, M. Wooley, R. L. White, and Samuel S. Osborn, published elsewhere.

and, when bathing rules are observed, no danger is ever experienced from the *undertow*. This latter is, after all, only found during the rapid ebbing and flowing of the tides, and never at low tide—the only proper time for bathing—nor at the flood.

The season for bathing along the coast of our middle States cannot be said properly to begin before the middle of June, and terminates by the middle of September. The benefit from bathing would be not a little increased by the accessories of active exercise and sports. The time of stay at the sea-shore is generally too short. Under three weeks one cannot look for a decided and permanent relief from old diseases by sea-bathing. The bath should be taken before a meal, and never on a full stomach or during the first stage of digestion. By general consent, a morning hour is preferred for sea-bathing. Comparatively few, however, choose the time before breakfast for the purpose. Invalids with a cold skin and languid circulation will require a slight refreshment—a cup of good chocolate, a plate of plain soup, or a soft boiled egg, with a roll, before bathing. If an early or noonday dinner be taken, an evening bath may be used with advantage, and in some cases it is found to agree better with invalids than in the morning. Invalids should bathe before breakfast, if they rise with a warm, and even hot skin, and reach the water before they can be said to have lost the warmth of the bed, or after they have been put in a glow by exercise. In a few words, the rule is to bathe when the skin is warm, or hot and dry, and not when it is chilled or perspiring. Reaction and glow will follow in the first case; chilliness, and headache, and pains in the limbs, will be no uncommon tax in the last. Great exhaustion after fatiguing exercise forbids the use of the sea, as it would that of the fresh water bath; and hence there is danger of rushing immediately into the sea after a long and fatiguing journey.—*Morris' Guide to Long Branch.*

Well, now if your bath is over, we'll go over to the hotel,* take a bite, and then go out for a ride. There are a score of delightful drives. We can go to Pleasure Bay where there are plenty of yachts and small boats, and a good fish dinner; or out on the Eatontown pike to Shrewsbury, Red Bank,

* See advertisements of Emmons' New York Hotel and the Long Branch Hotel.

Middletown and Colts Neck; or we can go to Deal, four miles along the coast, or, if you would go a little further, we can reach Freehold, seventeen miles off, and see the old battle ground of Monmouth, and the Tennant church, erected in 1752, and surrounded by stirring historical recollections. In short, whichever way our horses heads be turned, we are sure of a charming variety, and of arriving home at twilight with a good keen appetite for supper.

Long Branch abounds in hotels, and good ones, most of them kept by the prominent hotel proprietors of the Metropolis; but, of late years, cottages have become popular, and hundreds of New Yorkers now have here residences of their own, cottages or villa residences provided with all the conveniences of city life. To such a Home on the Sea Shore, one escapes eagerly from the heat and dust of the city; how popular and convenient they are, is evident from the annual increase in their number.

So then, reader, if you would choose such a home, do not choose until you have visited great, active, fascinating Long Branch. You can purchase land even now at reasonable prices; and in this connection the reader's favorable attention is directed to the card of Messrs. Frank G. & Davison Brown, who during the past few years have effected extensive

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

FOR

Long Branch Properties,

FRANK G. & DAVISON BROWN,

90 Broadway, New York.

SEAGIRT

is situated on the upper New Jersey coast, in Monmouth County, about ten miles south of Long Branch. It contains eight hundred acres, with a front on the Atlantic of over two miles. On its southern boundary are the Manasquan River and the little village of Squan; on the north side is Wreck Pond inlet, one of the most beautiful of the numerous estuaries which indent this part of the coast.

Seagirt can be reached from New York and Philadelphia by the lines of the N. J. Southern R. R. The time from New York by the coast extension of the N. J. Southern R. R., *now being built*, will be less than two hours, and by express trains from Philadelphia it is less than three. The place is already connected by rail with the N. J. Southern R. R. at Farmingdale, as well as with the N. J. Division of the Pennsylvania R. R., striking their main line at Monmouth Junction, which is about equi-distant between the two cities.

The Atlantic seaboard throughout nearly its whole extent, forms what might be termed a double coast, having an outer line of sand bars and sandy islands, with bays and water courses between them and the main land; a peculiar value therefore attaches to this upper Jersey coast, where the main land, as it were, *comes down to the sea.*

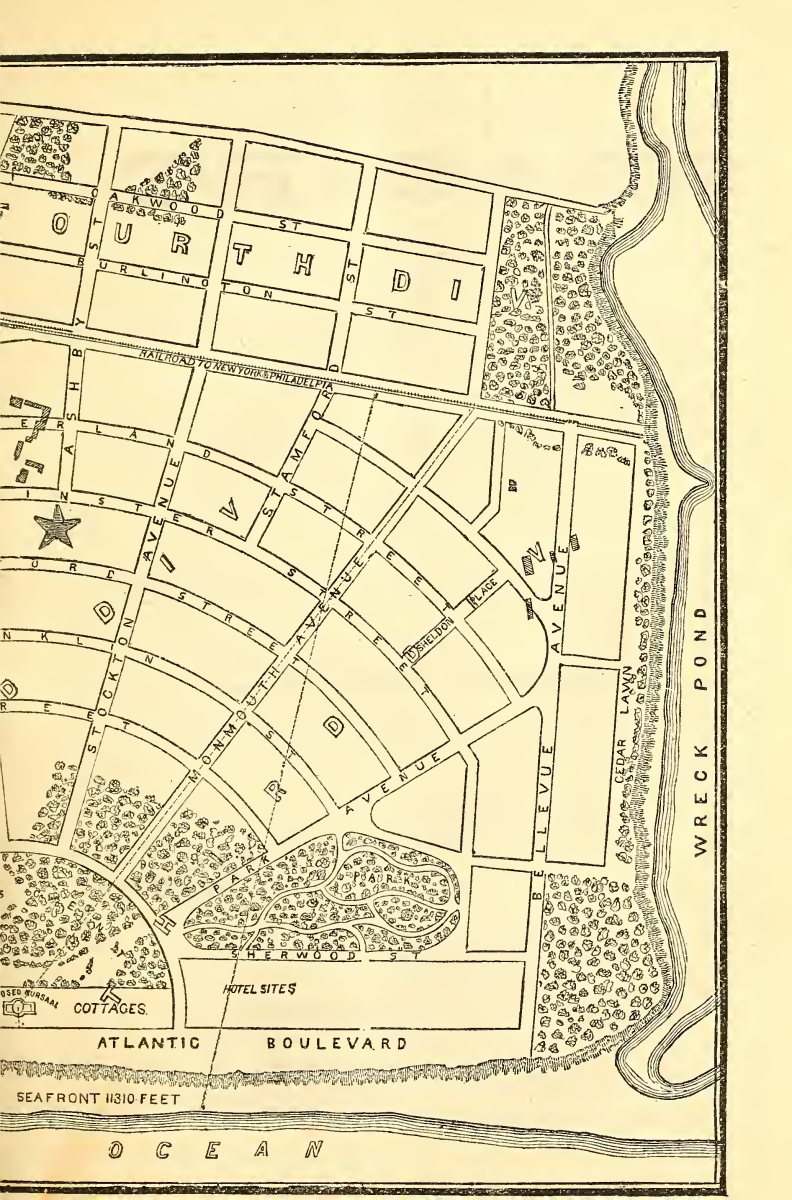
The land at Seagirt is, and has been for many years, under high cultivation, yielding large crops. The entire front is timbered with a heavy growth of Oak, Pine, Cedar, &c. Gravel, in great abundance, is found on the property and in the immediate vicinity, with which perfect roads can be made at small expense.

A portion of the Seagirt estate was for many years the favorite summer residence of the late Commodore Robert F. Stockton, who selected this spot by reason of its rare advantages, more than twenty years ago.

It is believed that for a sea-side resort it is not excelled, if equalled, by any point from Sandy Hook to Cape May.

Surveys are being made and the property is to be laid out as indicated by the accompanying map. A large proportion of the grounds will be reserved in perpetuity for parks, thereby adding to the value of every lot. The radial plan adopted in laying out the avenues, will it is thought add much to the convenience, as well as to the natural attractions, of the place.


MAP
OF
SEA-GIRT
SITUATED IN
MONMOUTH COUNTY
NEW JERSEY
SQUAN VILLAGE
DIVISION, No1. includes blocks from number 1 to 30.
" No2. " " " " 31 x 60.
" No3. " " " " 61 x 70.
" No4. " " " " 80 x 80.
MINIMUM SIZE OF LOTS 50 X 150
NEWBERRY POND
SOMERSET
ESSEX
RUNSWICK
SEAGIRT AVENUE
ATLANTIC AVENUE
THE BEACHHOUSE
ATLANT


OAKWOOD ST
BURLINGTON ST
RAILROAD TO NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA
ATLANTIC AVENUE
STAMFORD ST
DELAWARE AVENUE
MONMOUTH AVENUE
PARK
PARK
SHERWOOD ST
HOTEL SITES
COTTAGES.
ATLANTIC BOULEVARD
SEA FRONT 11310 FEET
OCEAN
BELLEVUE AVENUE
CEDAR LAWN
WRECK POND

HOMES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

SEAGIRT

Containing Eight Hundred Acres, with an Ocean Frontage of Two and a quarter Miles

Only One Hour and Three-Quarters from New York!

VIA LONG BRANCH)

(By the proposed Extension of the New Jersey Southern R. R.)

Only Two Hours and Forty Minutes from Philadelphia!

(Via Farmingdale, see page 27.)

LOTS & VILLA SITES!

—SUITABLE FOR—

"HOMES ON THE SEA-SHORE,"

Are now being prepared for the market, which will afford unsurpassed facilities for

BATHING,
BOATING,
FISHING, and
DRIVING.

For further particulars apply to

HOMER MORGAN,
No. 2 Pine Street, N. Y.

ROWLAND R. HAZARD, Jr.
110 Broadway, cor. Pine St., N. Y.

J. E. MONTGOMERY,
No. 202 Broadway, N. Y.

sales of property at the Branch, and who have, in fact, made real estate in this locality an especial feature of their business.

BRANCHPORT,

(32 miles ; 1 hour, 50 min. 6 trains daily.)

our next station, is about three quarters of a mile further on, and, itself a suburb of Long Branch, is the nearest landing place on the South Shrewsbury River for schooners, or other light draught vessels. Directly opposite is Port-au-peck, an old Indian camping ground, and a pleasant resort for visitors.

We command from this vicinity, a charming prospect, looking northward over a large expanse of landscape to the Highland range looming up grandly in the distance, and terminating abruptly at both extremities. And now we cross the southerly arm of Pleasure Bay, and pass over a roadway lined with hedges of evergreen, with here and there a luxuriant grove of cedars beyond. The country now assumes an air of agricultural wealth and prosperity. We see many choice pasture grounds and an occasional farm house dotting the green, and before we know it we are at a place which, once upon a time was unhappy in the appellation of "Peggy's Point," (derived from one Peggy Edwards, whose husband was hung as a tory), but upon which modern progress has bestowed the more euphonious title of

OCEANPORT.

(34 miles ; 1 hour, 55 min. 6 trains daily.)

Hither, before the days of the railroad, ran passenger steamboats from New York, and Oceanport was a prominent shipping point for a considerable district of country. For some years it was known as Eatontown Dock. But it was the opening of the Monmouth Park Race Course

a few years ago that gave the great impetus to travel hither and brought a thousand summer visitors where previously had been one.

Indeed one of the most attractive features of Long Branch and its vicinity during the month of July are the races, under the direction of the Monmouth Park Association, on their track. It is by far the best in America, being a full mile, with wide sweeping turns, so that there is no possibility of an accident to any of the starters, while the homestretch, with its wide and straight dash of a quarter mile, cannot be equaled, and affords plenty of room for the large fields of horses for which Long Branch meetings are famous. The Grand Stand, located immediately in front of the judges stand, is in itself one of the handsomest structures this side of the Atlantic.

The racing this year will begin on the 4th of July with a grand steeple chase of about three miles, over one of the best courses known, it being only excelled probably by the Grand National Course at Liverpool, Eng. All the jumps can be seen from the stand—the water jump being directly in front of it. There is always a large attendance on jumping days. On the same day there will also be three other races, the last of which is the famed Jersey Derby, a dash of a mile and a half, when some twelve or fourteen of the best horses ever raised, including several imported (English) horses, will start, and the winner of which will increase his owners bank account some $4000. On page 23 will be found a full programme of the two meetings, which extend from July 4th to 19th, inclusive, and during which thirty-one events will be run at all distances, including a great race of four mile heats on the 10th of July, when eight or ten of the best long distance horses in the country will come together, and which will no doubt produce three if not four heats before it is decided.

MONMOUTH PARK

LONG BRANCH.

TWO MEETINGS!

First Meeting:

BEGINNING

Friday, July 4th, continuing on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th—Five Days.

FIRST DAY.—Four events, including the Jersey Derby and Grand National Steeple Chase.

SECOND DAY.—Three events, including Hopeful Stakes and Monmouth Cup.

THIRD DAY.—Four events, including Monmouth Oaks' and Mansion House Stakes.

FOURTH DAY.—Three events, including July Stakes and Grand Sweepstakes of FOUR MILE HEATS.

FIFTH DAY.—Three events, including a Steeple Chase handicap and Monmouth Sequel Stakes.

Second Meeting:

BEGINNING

Tuesday, July 15th, continuing on the 16th, 17th and 19th—Four Days.

FIRST DAY.—Four events, including a Hurdle Race and Ocean Hotel Stakes.

SECOND DAY.—Three events, including the Thespian and Long Branch Stakes.

THIRD DAY.—Three events, inclnding West End Hotel Stakes.

FOURTH DAY.—Four events, viz: Steeple Chase Handicap, August Stakes, Robins' Stakes and Consolation Handicap.

W. E. RAYNOR, Secretary.

N. B.—Pools will be sold at No. 1146 Broadway on the evening previous to each race, and on the track on the day of the race.

The arrangements for getting to and from the track cannot be excelled. Three boats run from New York to Sandy Hook, whence the New Jersey Southern Railroad takes the passengers direct to the entrance of the track. Here a platform and sidings have been built for the accommodation of visitors. The return to the city is fully as prompt, so that frequently during the meetings of 1872, New York visitors were home before 6 P. M. For the accommodation of visitors from the numerous hotels and residences on the line of the railroad, an extra accommodation train is run both ways, stopping at all stations, and reaching the track just before the hour fixed for the racing to begin; returning immediately after the departure of the New York special. The carriage drives from the Branch to the track cannot be excelled even by the famous Central Avenue drive to Jerome Park, and it is consequently much patronized on race days by visitors staying at the Branch.

And now we are away again, catch a glimpse of an ancestral Jersey farm-house, with its rows of withered poplars before it, and next come to a period at

EATONTOWN,

(36 miles ; 2 hours, 5 min. 6 trains daily.)

a village of both age and respectability. Here, in 1730, one Thomas Eaton reared his dwelling, and thus gave a name to the place which succeeding generations have built up around it. The dwelling is still standing, on the north side of Mill Brook, and the box trees which adorn the grounds about it are considered among the finest specimens in the country.

Eatontown has many interesting historic reminiscences. There was a sharp skirmish here between the Whigs and Tories in 1780, while, over a century earlier still, one "Indian

Will" is said by tradition to have, in consideration of the bestowal of a red coat and cocked hat, pointed out to a Mr. Eaton the whereabouts of Capt. Kid's treasures.

The Eatontown of to-day is a quiet pretty village, with shaded streets, and an easy going well-to-do population. One may find here a secluded and tranquil home, and yet enjoy the facilities and conveniences afforded by Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, a public and private school, and any number of stores. There are here, too, Masonic, Odd Fellow, and Good Templars Lodges, a Royal Arch Chapter, Daughters of Rebecca, Odd Fellow's Benevolent Association, a Literary Society and a free Reading Room. The purchaser of a "Home on the Sea Shore," at this point, will find that he can secure good land at $200 per acre, or, if in the village, at from $300 to $600 for lots measuring 50 x 150 feet.

From Eatontown Junction, a half a mile from the village, diverges our branch road northward to Red Bank and Port Monmouth. This, prior to the construction of the Sea Shore Railroad from Long Branch to Sandy Hook, was the main line of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, Port Monmouth being its terminus. Now, however, though traversing a lovely region, and passing through some old and important towns, it is operated altogether as a branch road, and we shall therefore defer our journey over it until some other day. For the present, let us pass on over the main line. We are now running about southwest, and presently enter a heavy growth of brush, from which we emerge again to see, for the first time on our route, a succession of sand hills on either side, one of them on the right rejoicing in the name of "Huckleberry Hill." Then we enter a cutting, and at its further end find ourselves at the station of

SHARK RIVER,

(42 miles; 2 hours, 20 min. 6 trains daily.)

the connecting point for the village of that name, situated about two miles to the eastward. The Shark River itself rises a mile or so north of our depot, somewhere near the Heights of Huckleberry aforementioned, and crossing the the track, while yet a mere brook, becomes at its mouth a broad stream, upon the shores of which lovers of fish and oysters are wont to assemble. In 1778 a party of British landed there and burned two salt works. Shark River Village boasts a Methodist church, a school and a post-office. About the depot an extensive brick yard is the only prominent feature.

Three miles further on we come suddenly in view of a marl pit in full operation, and the spectacle to a stranger is one of novel interest. The pit covers acres of ground, and is intersected by railroad tracks, upon which are trains waiting to be laden with the precious soil. Gangs of men may be seen at intervals vigorously plying the pick, or the shovel, while here and there dredging machines are working away with all the energy and power that steam can impart, loading up the cars at the rate of a ton a minute. The annual exportation of this wonderful fertilizer from this and neighboring pits amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value, and furnishes employment to hundreds of men.

The quaint village of

FARMINGDALE,

(45 miles; 2 hours, 30 min. 6 trains daily.)

just beyond, is where we next stop, and quite a place it is, too, with a population of six hundred, two churches, a school accommodating five hundred, stores, hotels, and a public hall

in which assemble Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and Good Templar organizations. And Farmingdale acquires an additional importance as the intersecting point of our line with the Freehold & Jamesburg Agricultural Railroad, extending eastward nine miles to the sea side villages of Squan and Sea Girt, and westward to Monmouth Junction. Here, too, will come in, a direct line from Long Branch, passing through Oceanville, Deal and Shark River, and destined to shorten the distance considerably to this point and those beyond. It may be stated, too, that a road has been projected from here to a point called New Egypt, on the Camden & Amboy road.

Leaving Farmingdale, we cross the Manasquan River, and pass through a pleasant open farming country, well cleared of timber, to

SQUANKUM

(47 miles ; 2 hours, 40 min. 6 trains daily.)

depot, where passengers connect for Lower Squankum, an old settlement about two miles further south. And now we see and admire the piny woods; there is a wild beauty in their very waste and loneliness that can never fail to charm the true lover of nature. The evergreen boughs, the soft grass, the snowy sands, the winding footpaths or roadways, trodden here or there at the option of the passer by, all wild and barren as they seem, have yet, to one weary of the hard brick and stone of the town, a strange attractiveness and beauty; and the breeze that comes whispering over the sea ofsoft green tree tops, greets the ear in gently soothing cadences, and tells a plaintive story of the quiet and rest to be found amid their shadows.

Yet these pine barrens, desolate as they seem, have been trodden and retrodden by the foot of mortal man. During the revolution they were infested with outlaws, who during the day burrowed in caves they had dug in the side of sand hills, and which they covered with brush, but who at night sallied forth to plunder, burn and murder. So dangerous were they, that the government offered large rewards for their capture, and they were finally hunted down and extirpated like wild beasts. But to this day the recollection of "the Pine Robbers," as they were called, is hideous to the good people of Monmouth County. But, while we are pondering over these curious reminiscences, we cross the north branch of the Metedeconk River, then the turnpike road making the boundary line of Monmouth and Ocean Counties, and in a moment or two arrive at the thriving and enterprising town of

BRICKSBURG,

(53 miles; 2 hours, 52 min. 5 trains daily.)

possessing in point of beauty, convenience and healthfulness of location, eminent claims for the consideration of the capitalist, or one in search of a Home on the Sea Shore.

The depot is located at the intersection of the railroad with Main Street, the principal business thoroughfare, and the arriving passenger, as his eye first rests upon the wide, well graded street, lined with fine stores, hotels, and offices, cannot resist the conclusion that he has at all events reached a town where prosperity and energy have abiding. And then, if he go further, and visit Clifton and Madison Avenues, where are to be seen many elegant and tasteful residences, and two or three handsome churches, or stroll beyond to the lovely drives which though in the town limits, border for two

miles the shores of Lake Carasaljo; or, afterward drop in for a moment or two at one or another of the manufacturing industries, which employ 400 hands, and give the place much of its life, he will agree with all who have ever visited Bricksburg, that it is a model community.

And so it is. It has 1200 people, a Loan and Building Association, two hotels, one of which, the Bricksburg House, kept by Dr. C. O. Gordon, we have pleasure in presenting to the reader's attention herewith. There are, also,

BRICKSBURG HOUSE,
BRICKSBURG, N. J.
Superior Accommodations for Summer Boarders.
For information as to terms, etc., address the Proprietor,
C. O. GORDON, Bricksburg, N. J.

Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist congregations, two public schools, a weekly paper, a Savings Bank, (the Ocean County), a public library and reading room, and a Masonic Lodge. As a point for the establishment of manufacturing industries, it presents special attractions, the waters of the adjoining lake furnishing a fall of two hundred horse power. Nor is its agricultural attractiveness of less importance. The soil, with a little marl, is capable of high cultivation, and the facilities for drainage are unsurpassed. In point of health and climate the locality is celebrated; the spring opens early; the fall remains till late; the air is mild and inviting, and the water soft and pure. In short, to a man of moderate means, desiring a quiet, peaceful home away from the city, Bricksburg presents strong claims.

Then, too, the country about it is attractive; a drive, whether by stage or private vehicle, along or near the banks

WARM AND FERTILE NEW JERSEY LANDS!

IN MONMOUTH AND OCEAN COUNTIES.

12,000 ACRES,

SOLD IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS, AT $25 PER ACRE.

44 miles from New York, 50 from Philadelphia, on N. J. Southern Railroad, (One Hour from Long Branch.)

VILLAGE LOTS IN THE NEW SETTLEMENT,

BRICKSBURG, ON LAKE CARASALJO.

WATER POWERS.

Farm, Fruit, and Cranberry Lands,

With best Market Facilities. *Time to New York soon to be reduced to Two Hours.* Climate Mild, Salubrious and Curative.

No Fever and Ague. No malarious diseases of any kind.

For particulars, Circulars, &c., address

R. CAMPBELL, 153 Broadway, N.Y.,

Or BRICKSBURG, OCEAN CO., N. J.

of the Metedeconk, brings one in an hour to the pretty sea side village of Point Pleasant, or to the nearer hamlet of Burrsville, while in any direction one cannot but meet with many charming scenes.

Land can be purchased in or near Bricksburg at quite reasonable figures, say from $25 an acre upward, or any where from $150 to $800 for village lots, measuring 50x150 feet. (See advertisement above.)

Leaving with, it must be confessed, some regret, this livey town, we find the country south of it considerably undulating and broken, rising here into abrupt knolls, there sinking into gulleys and hollows. And next we cross the two branches of Tom's River, pass, on the left, a large vineyard sweeping over a long slope of hillside, then reach a point where we command a view of an unbroken waste of tree tops extending

miles away on every side, cross Paqua Brook, and lo! here we are at

MANCHESTER,

(61 miles; 3 hours, 12 min. 6 trains daily.)

a village of eight hundred inhabitants, situated on both sides of the track, with streets regularly laid out, good stores and hotels, three churches, (Presbyterian Methodist and Roman Catholic), two schools and one or two factories.

The railroad shops are located here. At one time, many years ago, a furnace which manufactured large quantities of iron, was also in operation. From this point, too, diverges our branch road to the flourishing town of Tom's River, seven miles distant. Over this we shall pass some other day. Suffice it for the present to say that the branch road is older than our main line, having been laid thirty years ago. Since that time, however, it has been extended thirteen miles further to Barnegat Junction, where it unites with the Tuckerton R. R.

Manchester possesses, among its natural beauties, a charming sheet of water, Horicon Lake, which the passenger may discern on the right hand just after we leave the depot. The cultivation of cranberries forms in this vicinity a prominent branch of industry, and from the car window just south of Manchester may be seen several handsome cranberry patches. The process of growing this delicate fruit is an extremely curious and complicated one, attended with much expense and risk, but if successful with profits vastly larger than those realized from ordinary crops of fruit or grain.

We next reach

WHITINGS,

(66 miles; 3 hours, 26 min. 6 trains daily,)

which, though a place of but few houses, is as a railroad point as important as any on our line, for here, center railroads from four different directions. 1st, that over which we have come from New York; 2d, that one to the right, which takes us to Philadelphia; 3d, that one in the center, which forms our main line through to Vineland, Bridgeton, Atlantic City, Cape May, and the States of Delaware and Maryland; and, 4th, that on the left, which takes you to Tuckerton. We hope, reader, to traverse each of these diverging lines with you; for the present we take the center or main line. "Medio tutissimus ibis." So, as one train whizzes away to the Quaker City, and another on the other side to the sea shore, off go we midway between them, and soon their locomotives' white puffs of smoke, rising above the distant pines, are no longer visible.

So on we go again. Sand and pines, pines and sand, alternating in endless succession bring us to a little signal station, Wheatland, where are a few houses and a tile (not a silk tile) factory. Then we cross the Keith Line, separating Ocean and Burlington Counties, sight Owens' Hill, a quite prominent elevation on our left, and reach the village of

WOODMANSIE,

(74 miles; 4 hours, 03 min. 2 trains daily.)

located at the intersection of our road with the Egg Harbor turnpike, and consisting of a few small dwellings, principally inhabited by workmen in the large charcoal pits close at hand, Then on again, and presently we pass another high elevation. Governor's Hill, and reach

SHAMONG,

(79 miles; 4 hours, 10 min. 2 trains daily.)

a village of considerable attractions, with wide, well laid out streets, lined with shade trees, and boasting of a hotel, several stores and a Post-Office. Then we cross the Wading River, after that the Batsto, and next reach the good old village of

ATSION,

(90 miles; 4 hours, 25 min. 2 trains daily.)

of which, said a writer, thirty years ago, "it contains 15 or 20 dwellings, a Methodist church and a furnace employing about 120 workmen."

About three miles north is the scene of the last Indian settlement in New Jersey, and where Brainard the missionary long resided. The remnant of the tribe emigrated westward about the year 1800.

Atsion is a quite important point now as the junction of the main line of our road with the branch to Atco, on the Camden & Atlantic R. R., ten miles distant. It also has a very large cotton mill, which may be seen close to the depot just north of the road. The Atsion River which flows through the village and which forms the boundary line between Burlington, Atlantic and Camden counties, furnishes a fine water power of which capitalists and manufacturers may profitably avail themselves.

A ride of nine miles, during which we pass Iron Mill and North Hammonton Stations, brings us to

WINSLOW JUNCTION,

(99 miles; 4 hours, 50 min. 2 trains daily.)

where our line intersects that of the Camden and Atlantic Road. Here passengers from New York for Atlantic

City change cars; and, if the reader will turn to page 60 of this book, he will there find, under the heading of "From New York to Atlantic City," a fuller description of that beautiful sea-side city, and the facilities for reaching it. Just beyond the junction is the pretty village of

WINSLOW,

(105 miles; 4 hours, 55 min. 2 trains daily.)

with a population of six or eight hundred, most of whom find employment in the extensive glass works which have been in operation by the Messrs. Hay for nearly half a century.

CEDAR LAKE,

(105 miles; 5 hours, 6 min. 2 trains daily.)

is a small village situated on the right of our track at its intersection with the turnpike road to Mays Landing,* an important village on the Egg Harbor River, about midway between here and the sea-shore.

Just beyond Cedar Lake our line enters Atlantic County, and brings us, after a ride of four or five miles, to the new town of

LANDISVILLE,

(110 miles; 5 hours, 19 min. 2 trains daily.)

the center of a fine district of country, and named in honor of Chas. K. Landis, Esq., to whose energy and foresight is principally due the astonishing growth of the neighboring town of Vineland. Indeed the broad streets and avenues of that thriving place extend their long lines hither, embracing

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* Mays Landing was first settled in 1710 by George May, who opened a store and supplied vessels with wood. His dwelling was standing until about 1830.

Landisville as a sort of suburb, which is destined doubtless at no distant day to become an active and prosperous section of the community.

Town lots (50x100) can be purchased here for $150, and timber land at moderate prices, the timber at market valuation. Already the infusion of energy is apparent in the erection near the station of a handsome mansard cottage for use as a store and dwelling.

And now the indications of life and activity multiply about us as we proceed. Farm houses and vineyards are numerous, and on every side we see evidences of agricultural prosperity and wealth. Here and there we are surprised by broad, straight, well-graded avenues, intersecting meadow, grove and vineyard, and telling of a city close at hand. We cross Wheat Road, then Main Avenue, each of them important thoroughfares, and each with a depot at its intersecting point, and, in a moment or two more, behold us safe and sound at the central depot in

VINELAND,

(115 miles; 5 hours, 36 min. 2 trains daily.)

where in the autumn of 1861 dwelt but four families, and where now is a population of over ten thousand thriving and industrious people.

But this rapid growth, though at first surprising, is nevertheless a healthful one, and based upon sound natural principles. As from the tillage of the soil comes the surest, truest wealth, and with it contentment and health; so is it true that where the soil is most generous and genial, there, especially does Plenty fill her horn, and smiling Peace abide as in a chosen home. The soil of Vineland being partly

a rich clay and partly a sandy loam is highly productive,* and this fact combined with the genial climate and healthful surroundings are the attractions which have made Vineland a sort of modern Arcadia, where a man, weary of the turmoil of business, may find prosperous repose for the remainder of his days. (See advertisement on opposite page.)

The climate of Vineland is mild and equable, and especially beneficial for pulmonary and asthmatic affections. The summer is no hotter than that in the Northern States, while the winter is much milder and free from deep snow. The adjacent country being undulating and well drained, there are but few tracts of swampy land, no stagnant water, and consequently no liability to miasmatic diseases.

In point of improvement and convenience, Vineland may challenge comparison with most cities of older and larger growth. All the principal religious denominations have places of worship, there are a score of schools, (including a High School and a Methodist Seminary), Masonic, Odd Fellows, and K. of P. Lodges, four or five weekly publications, six Post-Offices, a Safe Deposit Company, a Loan and Improvement Association, and no end of useful manufacturing industries, employing about twelve hundred hands at wages ranging from fair to highly remunerative. The Maurice River, which traverses the westerly part of the town, is by far the largest unoccupied water power in the State, with an unfailing supply, and a combined fall of 54 feet; and this power it is proposed to utilize shortly for the establishment of cotton, woolen and paper mills. In short, which ever way the visitor to Vineland may direct his glance, he will see about him thrift and a wondrous promise for the future. If he

* Last year, 1872, Vineland shipped 800 tons of grapes, 10,108 crates of berries, 6,156 of peaches, 1,360 of pears, and 2,838 barrels of sweet potatoes.

All Wanting Farms.

Good Soil, specially adapted to

WHEAT, GRASS, FRUIT and VEGETABLES,

in a mild climate, where the land can generally be plowed all winter, in a place remarkably healthful and **Entirely Free from Fever and Ague.** More fruit is shipped from this location than from any other place of the same area in the United States. The land by mechanical division is just one-half clay and one-half sand. Besides forming a good soil, it makes the best of roads. Twenty School Houses are now built, embracing a High School; and various Orthodox Churches, consisting of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, and other denominations. Some twelve different manufacturing establishments are also in the place, where both male and female members of families can find employment, consisting of work at STRAW SEWING, BUTTON MAKING, CLOTHING, SHOES MANUFACTURED BY MACHINERY, and other articles.

Improved Places, Well Fruited, from $1000 to $5000,
according to size and improvements.

Virgin Soil, $25 per Acre. Town Lots at $150 Each.

PRESENT POPULATION TEN THOUSAND, AND RAPIDLY INCREASING.

For papers, giving full information, address

CHARLES K. LANDIS, Proprietor,
Vineland, New Jersey.

visit the town center, he will see handsome churches, residences, factories and school edifices, well laid out parks, good sidewalks and abundant shade trees, and all the surroundings of a civilized community, *excepting rum shops*, not one of which is allowed in the town. As a consequence of this restriction, the Overseer of the Poor reports not a single citizen or settler of Vineland dependent upon him for relief. Here then we have the truest evidence of a substantial prosperity. Or if the visitor go farther, and stroll out any one of the avenues leading away antennæ-like into the soft, hazy landscape beyond, he will see well improved farms, with neat homes, and with inmates whose cheeks glow with a hue as ruddy as that of their own grape-clusters.

At Vineland, passengers change cars for Millville and Cape May.

Just beyond Vineland Depot we cross the Maurice River, called the Wahatquenack by the Indians, but deriving its present title from the circumstance of a ship, "the Prince Maurice," having been burnt by the savages at a point about twenty miles below here. Upon or near this river, between this and the sea, are to be found the flourishing city of Millville, and the smaller but important villages of Port Elizabeth, Bricksboro, Mauricetown, Dorchester and Leesburg. Beyond it, we intersect the Jersey Bridge Road, cross the Muddy River, a tributary of the Maurice, and next halt for a moment at

BRADWAYS,

(118 miles: 5 hours, 47 min. 2 trains daily.)

a signal station, in the midst of an open farming country. From the car window one sees on the right, a comfortable looking old farm house, with barns and orchards about it, and long lines of fences stretching away in both directions, telling of well tilled acres, and substantial prosperity.

About a third of a mile northeast of our next stopping place is the village of

ROSENHAYN,

(121 miles; 5 hours, 50 min. 2 trains daily.)

possessing six or eight houses, a store, school, and postal facilities. Land at this point has been divided up into lots and plots, and can be purchased, it is said, at moderate prices by intending settlers. At

WOODRUFF'S

(123 miles; 6 hours. 2 trains daily.)

we intersect with the turnpike for the adjacent camp meeting grounds at Pleasant Grove, a favorite resort of Methodists in this section of the State.

And now, a little further on, we cross the track of the West Jersey Railroad, and approach

BRIDGETON,

(127 miles; 6 hours, 8 min. 2 trains daily.)

a time honored and prosperous city of eight thousand inhabitants, situated on both sides of the Cohansey (named from an ancient Indian chief, Cohanzick) River, embracing three populous wards, having a Mayor, Common Council, and presenting all the characteristics one would expect to find in the active, enterprising community which it is. The arriving passenger, alighting, sees before him the winding channel of the river before mentioned, spanned directly in front of where he stands by a long high bridge, while, a quarter of a mile away, he discerns the spires, chimneys and housetops of the thickly built portion of the city, embowered in a wealth of foliage, and divided about midway by the shining waters of the river, where drawbridges, smoke stacks and a little forest of masts give evidence that he has reached a commercial, as well as a manufacturing, city.

The approach to Bridgeton is exceedingly picturesque, the landscape abounding in a variety of pleasing surprises, in hill and bluff, and wooded upland, and peaceful vales, "stretching in pensive quietness between." But before we enter the town a few reminiscences of its earlier history may not be

uninteresting.* Its first settlement dates back as far as 1754, and was due, probably, to there being here a convenient fording point on the Cohansey. In time, a bridge came to be built, and the settlement was dubbed Bridgetown, which title, on the establishment of a bank in 1816, was modified to Bridgeton.

Prior to the Revolution, there were not over 200 inhabitants; but, though few in number, these were staunch adherents of their country's cause in that memorable struggle. A company from Bridgeton served under Gen'l Schuyler, and Dr. Jonathan Elmer, a Bridgetonian, was a member of the Revolutionary Congress. In 1780, a letter of marque schooner, called Gov. Livingston, was built here and made one successful trip, but on her return home from her second voyage, was captured near the Capes of Delaware by a British frigate.

It is estimated that, at the beginning of the present century, Bridgeton had a population of about four hundred. Its growth since that time has been steady; in 1829 there were 1,736 inhabitants; in 1838, 2,315; in 1850, 3,303; and in 1860, 5,000. The first line of communication with the rest of the world was by stage to Philadelphia. At different times, a steamboat line has also been in operation between the two places, via. the Cohansey River, a ride of eighty miles, and at the present time, two trips per week are made to and from Bridgeton by a fleet and handsome steamboat. But, bye and bye, increased demands of travel brought enlarged traveling facilities, and now Bridgeton has

*The writer begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to the authors of Barbour's Historical Collections of New Jersey, and Elmer's History of Cumberland County, for these interesting facts.

direct communication by rail with the two largest cities in the country.

With the Bridgeton of to-day it is, however, that we principally have to do; and the visitor will find, on every side, as he strolls through its principal business thoroughfares, grateful evidences of its commercial life and activity. Two handsome draw-bridges span the Cohansey, connecting the east and west sides of the city. There are stores on Commerce street which would be a credit to even the Metropolis itself. The sidewalks are well laid, and the streets lit with gas; there are banks, insurance companies, some extensive manufactories, churches of all the prominent denominations, unusually fine educational facilities—the New Jersey and Cohansey Academies ranking high among the institutions of learning in the State—and several newspapers, one of which, the *Bridgeton Chronicle*, now published by Geo. F. Nixon, Esq., has been in existence, under different names, since 1815. The manufacturing industries of the place are numerous and extensive, one of them, the Cumberland Nail and Iron Works, having been established in 1815. Ship building is also carried on to some extent.

As a place of residence, Bridgeton is both healthful and attractive, and one coming here in search of a home, will find, upon the broad avenues extending out into the suburbs, many choice and attractive building sites, combining, with a natural beauty of scenery, all the convenient surroundings that refinement and civilization can bestow.

Resuming our ride, we cross the Cohansey by the high bridge before mentioned, enter a heavy cutting, then emerging, traverse the westerly section of the city, and once more

are in the open country beyond, in which our next stopping place is

BOWENTOWN.

(130 miles ; 6 hours, 16 min. 2 trains daily.)

Here we find a scattered settlement, with a nucleus of four or five houses about the depot. A turnpike road crosses here, affording a railroad outlet for a large farming country on either side. At Sheppard's grist mills, a short distance beyond, is another cross-road, where trains stop on signal. The most important stopping place, however, between Bridgeton and the Delaware, is

GREENWICH,

(134 miles ; 6 hours, 26 min. 2 trains daily.)

which, although far outgrown by its prosperous neighbor, which we have recently left, is coeval with it in history. Land was purchased here from the Indians in 1677, and shortly afterward a town, with a main street one hundred feet wide and two miles long, was laid out, and then churches, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Friends', were erected upon it. In 1697 semi-annual fairs were established, and in 1748 Court was first held and a log jail put up. In 1774, about forty men, disguised as Indians, and emulous of their Boston brethren, burned a cargo of tea, which had been landed at Greenwich and stored in a cellar. Suits were instituted by the owners of the tea, but were subsequently dropped. It is related, too, that a party of militia here repelled a foraging party from the British fleet, when it passed up the Delaware.

Greenwich, to-day, has a population of about seven hundred, with good churches and schools, and a considerable

trade, not only with the inland, but by schooners with Philadelphia and other ports.

Bacon's Neck, a short distance further on, is a signal station, and furnishes an outlet for those residing in the lower end of Richmond township. Beyond it, we begin to realize that we once more approach the coast. We see long stretches of marsh and meadow land, and, ere we are aware, are on the pier at

BAYSIDE,

(137 miles; 6 hour, 30 min. 2 trains daily.)

on the shore of the Delaware River, which, at this point, has a width of about five miles. Here a good hotel has been erected; here the company have established an engine-house, and here, upon the completion of the proposed extension of the route across the State of Delaware to the Chesapeake, the cars will be transferred to boats, and ferried over to the opposite side.

And here, for the present, our pleasant journey ends. But, ere long, Bay Side will cease to be the terminus of this great thoroughfare; will become but a way station on a great popular trunk line from the Metropolis to Baltimore, Washington, and all the southern sea-board cities. For, whizzing across the fields of Delaware, ere many months, our iron horse will quench his thirst in the waters of the Chesapeake, and those whom he has transported thither will find themselves carried by a novel, quick and delightful route to the Monumental City; or, should their journey be southward, to a connection with the magnificent steamers which ply on the Chesapeake, to Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Richmond and Petersburg. Thus a new era of travel will be inaugurated, and year by year will develop and increase the success and prosperity of the New Jersey Southern Railroad.

THE PHILADELPHIA ROUTE,

VIA THE

NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

If the reader will turn to the description of Whiting's Junction, on page 32, he will find it mentioned that there diverges the line to Philadelphia. Let us now take up this thread and follow it. The traveler has reached Whiting's, by a sail and ride of but little over three hours from New York, and Philadelphia is but two hours distant. During the summer season especially, this line of travel between the two largest cities of the country will be found delightful and convenient, introducing many features of interest, and affording the traveler the benefit of the cool, invigorating sea-breezes during a great portion of his ride. By all means, try a summer trip to Philadelphia, by the New Jersey Southern route.

For some distance beyond the junction, our route lies through the pine barrens, as before. We pass from Ocean to Burlington County, and first stop at

HANOVER,

(75 miles; 3 hours, 40 min. 2 trains daily.)

a station deriving its name from that formerly borne by the township. About a mile to the south, is a settlement bearing the dejected title of Mt. Misery, and three times that

distance northward, is a considerable village, Hanover Furnace, where, in the revolution, cannon balls were cast for use by the patriot troops. Beyond Hanover station, we cross a body of water, upon the banks of which is located another furnace, the "Mary Ann," and from this point our course lies parallel with the turnpike road, to

NEW LISBON.

(80 miles; 3 hours, 50 min. 2 trains daily.)

where a junction is made with the Columbus & Springville R. R. New Lisbon itself is a small village on the Rancocus River, and boasts, as its principal public edifice, the County Alms House. And now, as our journey continues, we find ourselves traversing a fair and fertile farming country, dotted with dwellings, and watered by frequent brooks. Now we see the Rancocus on our right, a rapid stream, growing each moment larger; and presently we stop, close to its banks, at the depot at

PEMBERTON.

(84 miles; 3 hours, 57 min. 2 trains daily.)

The land hereabout was originally owned by one David Budd, who in 1758 sold out to a company of four persons, who built a grist and saw mill, and called the place New Mills. In 1826 the place was incorporated by its present name, after James Pemberton. The water power on the Rancocus is one of the best in this region. The village itself contains many features of interest and beauty. Its principal street, a wide thoroughfare extending from end to end, is shaded with fine old elm trees; is lined with brick sidewalks, and fronted by many fine stores and brick dwellings, in the white blinds and trim exteriors of which we see

infallible evidences of our near approach to the Quaker City. Pemberton has a population of two or three thousand, several churches and schools, two good hotels, and stores of all kinds. The enterprise of its people is evinced, too, in the handsome iron draw-bridge spanning the Rancocus.

Half a mile beyond the depot is

PEMBERTON JUNCTION,

where our road connects with the Camden and Burlington County road. But, without change of cars, we hurry on to Camden, and in another hour have crossed the Delaware by the Market street ferry, and, behold us in the good city of Philadelphia.

Turn we back now for a ride over the various branches and connecting lines, the junction points of which we have noted in our passage over the main line. The first of these is the

PORT MONMOUTH BRANCH,

which was, prior to the construction of the sea-shore line over which we passed from Sandy Hook to Long Branch, a portion of the main line of road. Now, however, it is operated as a branch road. Yet, we shall find it an enjoyable ride, through a region teeming with pleasant residences, delightful scenery and thriving towns, the first of which is

SHREWSBURY,

(37 miles; 2 hours, 13 min. 5 trains daily.)

the most ancient village in this section, it having been first

settled by Connecticut people in 1664. Two centuries ago there were quite extensive iron works in operation here, owned by one Lewis Morris. The village itself, which is to the right hand, or eastward of the road, has a small population, and is a quiet, pretty place, mostly made up of neat, fresh looking residences, with here and there some relic of antiquity. Chief among these may be noted the Episcopal church edifice, erected in 1769. The silver communion service in use in this venerable building was presented in 1703 by Queen Anne (the church having been organized in the previous year), and the pulpit Bible has been in use through four generations. There is also a Presbyterian church, founded in 1749 and built in 1821.

As a place of summer residence, Shrewsbury is quiet, retired and attractive. The drives are numerous, and boating and bathing facilities are within easy distances.

A ride of two miles further, due north, brings us to

RED BANK,

(39 miles; 2 hours, 20 min. 5 trains daily.)

pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Navesink River, at the head of navigation, and about five miles from the sea. Its singular title is derived from the color of the adjacent soil. The growth of Red Bank to its present population, about 3,000, has been rapid of late years, owing mostly to its trade, by rail and steamboat, with New York. It was incorporated in 1869, and now boasts a National Bank, five churches, a fine new public school house, several well-conducted private schools, three hotels, and the most extensive nurseries* to be found in this section of the State.

*See advertisement of A. Hance & Son, published elsewhere.

Its principal streets are well graded, with flagged sidewalks, and are lit with gas. Its stores are supplied with most of the luxuries, as well as necessaries of life; in short, one finds in this active little place a metropolis in miniature.

The summer visitor at Red Bank will find its surrounding country full of interest and beauty. The drive along the north shore of Rumson Neck, past Fairhaven to Port Washington, brings in a pleasing variety of scenery in a four mile ride, and discloses numbers of building sites, than which none more beautiful could be desired.

And now we cross the Navesink River, and, three miles beyond it, reach the station called

MIDDLETOWN,

(42 miles; 2 hours, 36 min. 2 trains daily.)

in honor of the township. The village of the same name is situated a mile or so to the west of the depot. Among its first settlers was the Richard Hartshorne who is spoken of elsewhere as the original owner of Sandy Hook, and who came hither in 1666.

NAVESINK,

(44 miles; 2 hours, 42 min. 2 trains daily,)

is another station, two miles beyond, at the intersection of the main turnpike road, from the Highlands on the east to Keyport on the west. It is, therefore, the outlet for a quite thickly settled region of country, wherein the summer visitor may find many quiet, peaceful homes, within easy distance of town, yet surrounded by an invigorating atmosphere, and offering a (to many) welcome freedom from the restraints imposed at the more fashionable summer resorts.

Finally we reach Port Monmouth, and catch a glorious view of the lower bay, with Staten Island and the Narrows in the distance. Here. a long pier extends out into the water, at which once landed the boats from New York, and for a time Port Monmouth was a busy point of embarkation. But now it slumbers lazily on the sands, and patiently awaits the day when direct communication shall again awaken it to life and activity. Yet the visitor in search of quiet and seclusion, will find here many attractions worthy of consideration, in his search for a Home on the Sea-Shore.

TOM'S RIVER BRANCH.

A twenty minutes' run from Manchester (See page 31,) brings us to

TOM'S RIVER.

(68 miles, 3 h., 50 min. 3 trains daily.)

And the first apprisal of our arrival is a glimpse of the beautiful river, from which the place derives its name; and beyond it, we see numerous clusters of dwellings, marking the business center. Alighting, we find the river on our left, spanned by a handsome iron bridge, leading up to the principal street beyond, and even now the rows of buildings, the busy sidewalks, the evident activity prevailing, give rise to the belief that sloth is a stranger in Toms River. As we cross the bridge, there may be had an attractive view, looking seaward, including the gradually widening river, Good Luck Point, the bay, and Island Beach beyond. Now, let

us glance through the village, with its population of fifteen hundred; it makes a good showing. Here are four churches (Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist), Masonic Lodge and Chapter, Odd-Fellows Lodge and Encampment, Knights of Pythias Lodge, a National Bank, a Building and Loan Association, a well-conducted weekly paper, the *New Jersey Courier*, (published by Geo. M. Joy, Esq.,) an excellent graded school, two hotels, and all variety of stores. Then, Tom's River, the county seat of Ocean county, has the Court House buildings in its limits; being, too, at the head of navigation on the river, it represents large shipping interests, and many of its people have acquired their fortunes in following the sea. It is the center, moreover, of a cranberry interest, involving an investment of a million dollars, and its annual business in whortleberries, fish and oysters is extensive.

To the settler, whether laborer or capitalist, Tom's River offers facilities in the forms of numerous fine water powers; of an abundance of timber in the adjacent cedar swamps; of clay beds convenient for brick manufacture, and of grass, useful for making paper. The city resident, in search of a home, will find here many fine villa sites, overlooking the river or the bay, and where splendid boating, fishing, shooting and bathing can be enjoyed in season. Among those who have already availed themselves of such pleasant surroundings, may be mentioned Thomas Placide, Esq., the well-known actor.

BAYVILLE,

our next stopping place, has a population of about three hundred, with two churches, a school and a post office. At the small village of

CEDAR CREEK

we cross the stream of the same name, and pass the scene of another severe revolutionary encounter between militia and refugees. The place has now about an hundred inhabitants.

FORKED RIVER

is the most important village upon the Branch, after Tom's River, and is pleasantly situated, overlooking, and two miles distant from, the bay. It is an old settlement, once largely engaged in exporting wood and charcoal, and now has a population of four hundred and upwards, with a church, school and post-office.

We cross successively the three branches of the Forked River, then Oyster Creek, and come next to

WARETOWN,

with a population of four hundred, most of whom depend upon maritime pursuits for their livelihood. There are two hotels and a post-office here, and just beyond the village our branch connects, at

BARNEGAT JUNCTION,

with the Tuckerton Railroad from Whiting's for Barnegat, Manahawken, West Creek and Tuckerton, and the sea-side resorts of Long Beach beyond.

THE TUCKERTON RAILROAD.

Two years ago, capital and enterprise joined hands to form a much-needed link of communication from some point on the main line of the New Jersey Southern Railroad to Tuckerton and the Little Egg Harbor region. From Whiting's, it was determined that this line should diverge (see page 32); and let us, therefore, reader, betake ourselves once more to that important junction point. Important, because there we find the cars in waiting to convey us, not only to pleasant villages and summer hotels, and fishing and yachting grounds, but, better still, to Manahawken, a garden paradise near the sea-shore, a region where the air is fragrant with the odor of magnolias, and where broad, fertile meadows give promise of a rich recompense to the sower.

Travel from New York by this route is rapid and convenient. The ride, three and a half hours to Whiting's, has already been described in pages 5 to 32. Then, a mile or two more through the pine woods, bring us to

BAMBER,

(68 miles ; 3 hours, 42 min. 3 trains daily.)

sometimes called Ferrago. Here there are a commodious depot and a large store, while a short distance westward is a fine body of water, Bamber Lake, in which Cedar Creek takes its rise. There is a saw mill here, and, in old times, there was a furnace. Large quantities of lumber are annually prepared and shipped hence to market. At

LACEY

(71 miles ; 3 hour, 42 min. 3 trains daily.)

we cross the turnpike, or Wright's road, to Tom's River. The station derives its name from the township. There is here, too, a good depot, and considerable improvements are in progress about it, under the direction of Rutherford Stuyvesant, Esq., of New York, who owns a large adjacent tract.

Passing Waretown, the junction point of the branch road from Tom's River, (see page 51), we next reach the considerable village of

BARNEGAT,

(79 miles ; 4 hours, 14 min. 3 trains daily.)

a title time-honored in the sea-coast annals of New Jersey, and known to sportsmen the country over. Looking eastward, we can discry the Barnegat Light House, tapering skyward, on the beach five miles away. If we alight, we shall find the village a quiet and pretty one, inhabited chiefly by sea-faring people. The Friends have a meeting-house here, and there are one or two other churches, two hotels, and a good school. Gunning River, just south of the village, is a famous resort for game-hunters.

And now, as we resume our journey, sand and pine woods disappear, and evidences of an increased agricultural wealth appear to multiply about us. Here, on our right, we see a well-ordered fruit-farm, covering many acres; then, wide and well-tilled meadows open away on both sides, a refreshing contrast to the sterility we have left behind. Now we see a cluster of houses among the trees, now neat fences and side-walks and stores, now signs on the street corners; now the whistle blows, the engine slackens its speed, and presently the brakeman calls out

MANAHAWKEN,

(82 miles; 4 hours, 26 min. 3 trains daily.)

Here, for a few hours, we pause, for it is at this point that the Stafford Land Company, a party of capitalists from New-York and Philadelphia, have placed upon the market a choice tract of some thousands of acres, extending hence to the shore of the bay, and embracing hundreds of desirable sites for homes on the sea shore. Our journey would be incomplete without a personal inspection of this beautiful and interesting locality.

But first a word or two about the village itself. Manahocking (an Indian name, signifying good corn ground), was originally its name. Thirty-one years ago it was spoken of as "a flourishing village, containing two taverns, three stores, and about forty dwellings." It has now a population of about a thousand, with churches, schools, shops, hotels, mills, and a village library. A stream flows through the village, furnishing opportunities for an excellent water power, which, by the energy and ingenuity of Nathaniel H. Bishop, Esq., an extensive cranberry planter, is to be utilized in facilitating the shipment of berries to the market. Mr. Bishop, it may be remarked, is the owner of three large plantations, Mayeta, La Mia, and Oxycoccus, upon which he has successfully applied a knowledge acquired by years of scientific research. Strolling through the quiet streets of this peaceful village, the visitor will find much that is attractive and pleasing in its quaint dwellings and antiquated surroundings.

But it is with the modern Manahawken that we have to do, and let us make the depot our starting point. Certainly nowhere could we gain a better idea of the natural advan-

tages of the locality, and of the extent of the improvements that the Stafford Land Company are making. For, from the railway to the bay, a distance of two miles and a half, stretches away a magnificent sweep of graveled avenue, eighty feet in width, lined with sidewalks and shade trees, and forming one of the finest drives to be found in the State. Glancing down this broad vista, we catch a glimpse of the blue waters of the bay, and the white sand, and the ocean beyond, while, near by, the luxuriant verdure of the wayside groves encases the picture in a setting of emerald.

From the same point, to our right, diverges Bay, and, to our left, Beach Avenue, each extending shoreward equi-distant from Stafford Avenue, and comprising between them the principal portion of the company's tract. The three avenues are intersected at regular intervals by cross streets, Parker, Montgomery, Kearny, Murray and Stockton Streets, upon each of which are to be found many high, well drained and desirable building sites. Near the corner of Beach avenue and Stockton Street stands the Stafford House, a well ordered hotel, where the visitor at Manahawken can always find a welcome. Following either avenue, further seaward, we reach the tracts known as the Moor and Glen farms, composed of several hundred acres, famed for their fertility, and commanding a glorious view of Barnegat Bay, Harvey Cedars, and the hotels on Long Beach. Here is just such a scene as was pictured by Longfellow in his description of Grandpre, the home of the Acadian peasantry. Stafford Avenue, it may here be stated, extends through the Moor farm, towards the shore of the bay.

Nor should the natural advantages of this locality, in point of healthfulness of climate and fertility of soil, be overlooked. The cool sea-breezes of summer blow landward with almost

the same regularity as the trade winds, while the east winds tempered by a warm moisture from the Gulf Stream, render the winters mild and pleasant, and devoid of that severity felt on the more northerly coasts. The central sea-coast of New Jersey is celebrated as the best, all-the-year-round, climate in the Northern and Eastern States. The surface of the land, too, sloping gently seaward, forms a natural water shed, ensuring complete drainage, even after rains, and obviating any danger of miasmatic complaints.

The land, too, is singularly productive. Here, upon this oasis, this broad belt of rich gravel and sand loam,* grow plentiful crops of fruit, grain and vegetables, and flowers and trees which, in their luxuriance, tell of the distant tropics. Here grow the fragrant magnolia and laurel, and here the naturalist may find butterflies and other insects, scarcely ever to be seen elsewhere in northern latitudes. Here abundant crops of hay reward the mower, eight hundred tons having been cut and shipped from the Company's meadows during the last season; and here the settler may come, secure a small tract, and, by good honest labor, aided by the generous hand of Nature, rear about him a homestead where neatness, beauty and prosperity shall have abiding.

Let it be remembered, too, that the surroundings of the locality are in various ways attractive, affording opportunities for abundance of fish and oysters, surf bathing, boating and sailing, blue fishing and snipe and duck shooting in their several seasons.

The shoal water of the adjacent bay renders it a favorite

* Prof. Cook, State Geologist of N. J., in his report of 1868, says of this locality: "The surface soil of this formation is a fine sandy loam, with very little gravel, and containing organic matter enough to make it a rich and productive soil. It corresponds to the alluvial soils on the river bottoms of inland districts."

feeding ground for wild duck, and, consequently, an especially attractive resort for sportsmen.

But the future of Manahawken derives a largely increased importance, from the fact that, at this point, is afforded the most available line of railroad communication to that popular summer resort, Long Beach. For, by the confluence in the bay, here a little over a mile wide, of the tides from Barnegat Inlet on the north, and Little Egg Harbor Inlet on the south, have been formed, by accretion, a number of small islands, links in a sort of natural causeway, leaving only a space of eleven-sixteenths of a mile to be bridged, and rendering the construction of a roadway to the Beach a comparatively easy matter.

Indeed, with this fact in view, the Philadelphia and Stafford Beach Railroad Co. has been organized, and has projected a line which will bring Philadelphia within forty-nine miles of the sea-shore, or several miles nearer than at present. Upon this line, intersecting Stafford avenue near the shore, Manahawken, with its large business and agricultural interests, is manifestly destined to attain a substantial growth and prosperity.

The Company offer

Business Sites and Building Plots in the village center, at moderate rates, varying according to location.

Small Farms of from five to twenty-five acres, within half a mile of the depot, at from $60 to $100 per acre, and

Farms for Homesteads, situated nearer the bay, at from $40 to $75 per acre,

and the intending purchaser will find their offer, published elsewhere, one well worthy his consideration.

But, we have yet a few miles to ride, so let us resume our

journey. Our course lies, generally, parallel with that of the turnpike, which we can see at intervals, first on our right, and then on our left. Next, we cross a stream, and, a moment or two later, reach the station, deriving, from it its name,

WEST CREEK.

(87 miles; 4 hours, 43 min. 2 trains daily.)

The village, which is situated near the borders of Burlington county, has a population of about six hundred, and is the center of an extensive cranberry district. It was formerly known as Westecunk.

And now, we are off again, and are approaching our journey's end. For, straight ahead, and about two miles distant, is

TUCKERTON,

(89 miles; 5 hours. 2 trains daily.)

a place of about twelve hundred inhabitants, and famous as a summer resort from time immemorial. Fronting upon Little Egg Harbor, it possesses unusually good facilities for shipping, and is in fact the headquarters of a large coasting trade. It was first settled in 1669 by Long Islanders, but in 1765, one Reuben Tucker, a New Yorker, purchased here a large tract of land, and in 1786, the village was given its present name. In those days Tuckerton had a custom-house, and direct lumber trade with the West Indies. During the Revolution, two British prizes were brought into Tuckerton, and at one time upwards of thirty armed American vessels rendezvoused here. An expedition having been fitted out by the British at New York to destroy the place,

General Washington sent Count Pulaski and his legion to defend it. The privateers being apprized of the approach of the British, escaped, but Pulaski arrived too late to prevent the destruction of several houses and thirty prize vessels by the foe. One of his picket guards of thirty men also were captured and put to death. The British then retreated, but lost one of their vessels, the Zebra, which grounded in going out of the harbor, and was set on fire to keep her from falling into the American hands.

With such stirring memories as these, the visitor will not be surprised to find Tuckerton an active busy little town, with four churches and schools, and considerable business. Many of its people are wealthy, and the place has a general well-to-do and prosperous air. In summer time it is much frequented, and is important, too, as the point of embarkation for the well known Barnes' Hotel on Long Beach. Under the general railroad law it is proposed to construct a railroad from Tuckerton to Absecon (see page 61), thus opening direct communication with Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

FROM

NEW YORK TO ATLANTIC CITY,

VIA

NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN and CAMDEN and ATLANTIC RAILROADS.

Of late years there has sprung up on Absecon Island, a great and growing sea-side city, possessing in an eminent degree, in its location and surroundings, all the pre-requisites of a cool, healthful and attractive watering place, and growing with a rapidity which promises at no distant day to cover the island, over its entire extent of nine miles, with the villas and cottages of the wealthier residents of the two great neighboring cities. And it is to this delightful spot, fanned by the invigorating breezes of the Atlantic, and remote from the hot dusty walls and pavements of the town, that we now conduct the reader.

The route from New York is a pleasant and an easy one. First comes the sail down the bay, and the railroad ride past Long Branch, and the many other points of interest mentioned in pages 5 to 33, until the traveler finds himself at

WINSLOW JUNCTION,

where the Atlantic City Express train (full of passengers, who left Vine Street Wharf, Philadelphia, a little over an hour ago) is in waiting, with elegant Woodruff parlor cars attached, to convey him to his destination on the sea shore.*

* The Camden & Atlantic Railroad is now the shortest route from Philadelphia to the Sea Shore.

We change cars, and in a moment are whizzing away to the east, traversing a region differing very little materially from that through which the last twenty-five miles of our journey has lain. Now we pass Hammonton, a thrifty village of twelve hundred people, settled by New Englanders, principally engaged in shoe manufactory and fruit growing. Da Costa, the next station, derives it name from a former President of the road.

At Elwood, about five miles beyond, is another shoe factory, and a population of about five hundred. Then we come to Egg Harbor, and observe, in passing, a large piano factory, as an indication of local enterprise and industry. The place is chiefly settled by Germans, is regularly laid out, covers a large territory, has a number of churches, schools and hotels, and is quite a manufacturing town. At this point, too, diverges the branch road to May's Landing, (see mention of May's Landing on page 34), the county seat, where are located the extensive cotton mills of Richard D. Wood & Co.

About six miles beyond, we pass a small station, Pomona, and next reach the important village of Absecon, famed for its fine oysters, through all the adjacent country.

And now we have reached the shore of the main land, and already there comes to us, eager for our journey's end, occasional whiffs, telling of the ocean beyond. But wait a moment or two! railroad enterprise will not allow us to stop here, for ahead of us stretches a wide expanse of meadow, and straight over it lies our roadway. Ah! now we catch the glorious salt breeze, fragrant with odors of the grass and sea weed. Never was cup of cool water more grateful to the thirsty wayfarer than to us is this refreshing wind coming in fresh and free from the broad Atlantic. And what

a change it has wrought among our fellow passengers. Sleepy old gentlemen awaken from their snooze, tired babies stop crying, and commence to crow, the young ladies no longer fan and languish; no! there is a new life and vigor in each. Look! there is the inlet! there is Brigantine Beach to the northward! behind is the mainland, dotted with houses; around us, a sea of green; before us the island, with its cupolas, and spires and chimneys, and the lighthouse at its upper end. Now we cross the drawbridge, and in another moment are on the main avenue of

ATLANTIC CITY.

The observant visitor needs but a glance to convince him that he has reached a prosperous and well-ordered community. He sees broad, level, well-graded avenues stretching away on each side, bordered with wide sidewalks, and lined with buildings of every variety, from the trim cottage to the mammoth summer hotel. Horse cars, street lamps, and uniformed police, all help to assure him by their presence that Atlantic City is a city indeed. Yet, strange as it may seem, all this portion of the island, where now fashion holds high court, was but a few years ago an unbroken waste of sand-hills, covered with stunted cedars, and numbering within its limits only six dwellings. Now there are over as many hundred, and a resident population of one or two thousand. The sand hills have been leveled into oblivion, the surveyor has laid his lines, and lo! as if by magic comes the sound of hammer and saw, and a city springs into existence.

Although Absecon Island was first settled in 1818 by one Jeremiah Leeds, whose widow still resides here, it was not until the organization of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad

Company in 1852, that public attention was turned to its unusual eligibility as a site for "Homes on the Sea-Shore." In July, two years later, the first excursion train arrived, and about the same time the "United States," the first hotel of any size, was opened. Since then the growth and popularity of the place have rapidly increased. During the summer of 1872 there were, by actual count, 67,090 excursionists carried thither, and a resident population of between thirty-five and forty thousand people.

But, when the reader comes to consider the natural advantages possessed by this particular locality as a place of summer resort, its rapid increase in public favor will not seem remarkable. Take, for instance, the healthfulness of the atmosphere, which, while tempered by its proximity to the ocean, yet possesses a peculiar dryness, which renders it extremely beneficial to those afflicted with diseases of the throat, chest or lungs. For the sufferer with rheumatic or scrofulous tendencies, the iodine in the air, the iodine and salt in the water, promise a speedy and, it may be, permanent improvement. It is, beyond cavil, the place for those seeking relief from liver complaints.

But it is to invalid children that this atmosphere appears to give its most healthful influences, and so well established has this fact become, that a few benevolent Philadelphians have established here a "Children's Sea-Shore House," where, during the past season, twenty-seven sick and wasted little ones from the city were furnished maintenance and attendance. During the present summer it is proposed to erect a large and handsome building for this purpose, with accommodation for fifty or sixty children, ground having been donated by one of the members of the Association. The

enterprise appeals to the sympathies of every parent and deserves a generous support and encouragement.

In point of convenience and attractiveness, moreover, Atlantic (as it is familiarly called "for short") is especially noticeable to the summer visitor. Standing on any of the avenues crossing the island, one may look eastward to the sea, and the horizon, and westward, over the wide meadow land to the hazy blue of the main land beyond. The three avenues, Arctic, Atlantic and Pacific, which run parallel with the sea through the whole length of the city, afford excellent drives, while, beyond, one may go in one direction over the Pleasantville road to Absecon, or down along the surf, a splendid hard sand drive to Cedar Grove, at the Island's southern end; then, too, there are rare facilities for fishing, shooting and sailing in the adjacent creeks and bays; the beach, long and shelving offers opportunity for safe surf bathing; the hotels are numerous and many of them well kept, and on their broad verandahs, of summer evenings, there is no end of music, dancing and flirtations. Then, too, when Sunday comes, you have your choice of attending Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Roman Catholic, or Quaker worship; in short, you will find in Atlantic City churches, schools, markets and stores on as liberal a scale as at any watering place of its size in the country.

New Yorkers in search of "Homes on the Sea Shore," will do well to visit Atlantic City before deciding as to where they will pass the summer. They will find good furnished cottages to rent for from $300 to $650, and eligible lots (50 x 150 feet) for $1,200.

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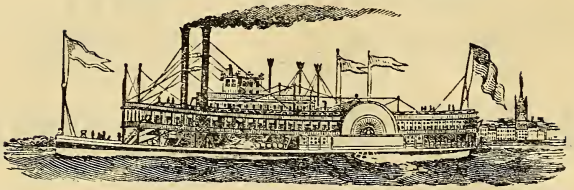
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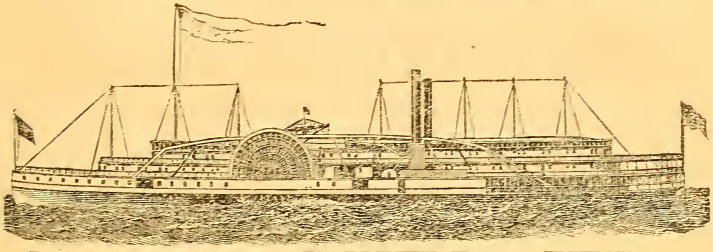
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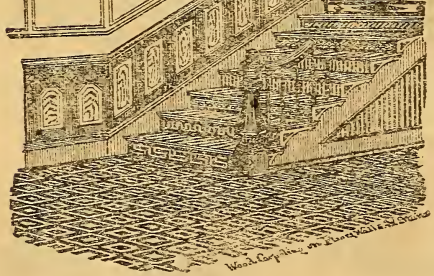
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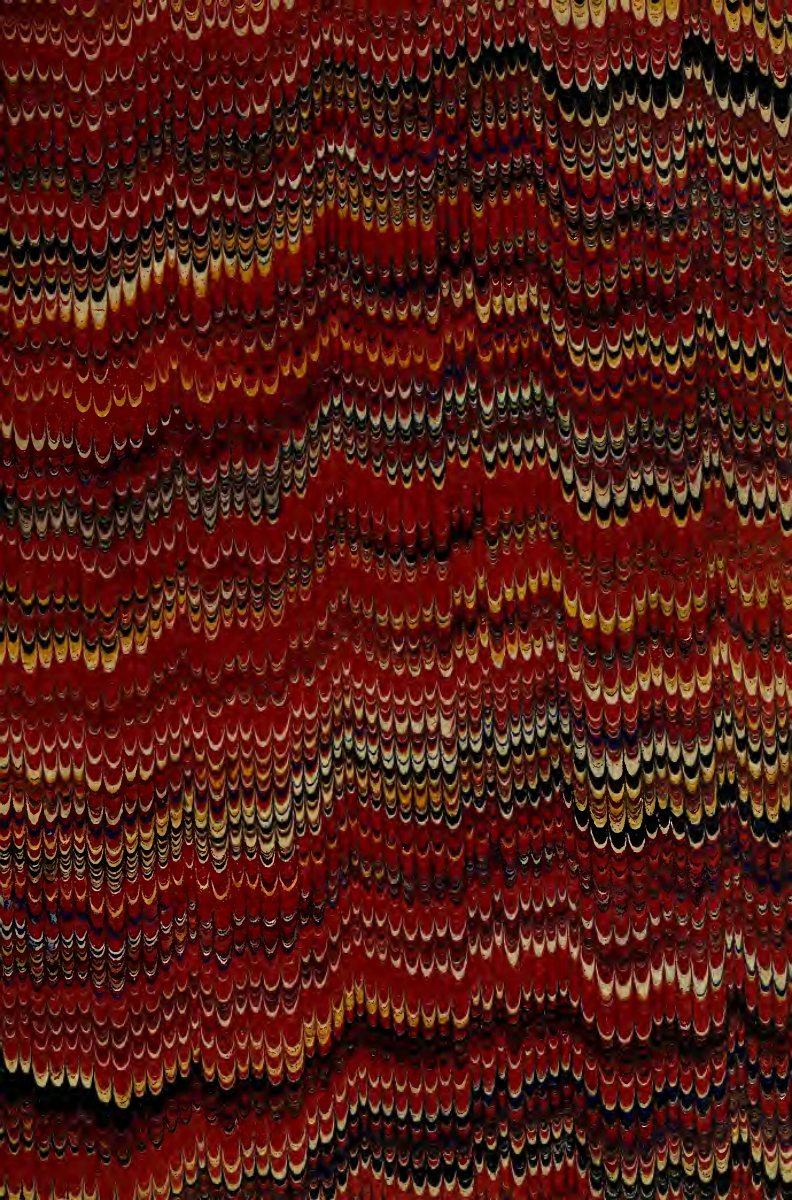
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